Abandoned Short Epic (Bristol)

Book I (in progress)

Section I

He woke from sleep alarmed, not short but dead of breath,
his brain and body screaming of encroaching death,
inhaling didn't work, although he tried with might,
surfeit of CO2, of oxygen a blight.
The utter urgency alerted evèry nerve
and from its Toscin call was no escape or swerve,
if you've not lived this state, you know not what's imposed;
where was his lung's surfactant (alveoli closed)?
He braced his arms and chest upon the windowsill,
and forced his airways open (knowing fine the drill)
each drop of air, respite, beyond his wildest dreams,
those atoms waxing gasps, pectorals acting beams.
Until you've known distress, you cannot know relief,
until you've doubted living, cannot know belief,
and to experience the point of your demise
is surely revelation, lifting scales from eyes.
But this was birth, into a barren land of dearth,
to quit the sleep of just, & find a Hell on Earth,
this was one time, complete & total novelty,
and this stark introduction plagued with memory.
He had not picked this voyage through a tunnel dark,
he won his life (first time the marksman hit his mark)
alone he made escape from an infernal shade,
not one single person delivered help or aid.
But then surroundings told the horror where he was,
observed & with the ill, & more beside because,
a Hospital (considered well beyond the pale)
where evèry sigh's attempt, a drowning swimmer's flail.
His mother, father, brother, should have fought his case
but they were dead and gone to any kind embrace,
the staff and family relied on punishment,

and as he hated self, no way he could repent.
This started out describing what was physical,
but then descended to the psychological,
recrimination, institution, torture, hate,
so few can know of this when it was not their fate.
To tell of what they did, it would not mend the scars,
suffice to say, all but imagination bars
the way that those who might have cared perverted love
and struck his face and chest with mailed and fisted glove.
A fresh insult & injury at evèry turn,
in naked conflagration how each bridge did burn,
and all that was surrounding him was spite & scorn,
was this reminder of first act, of being born?
His sibling - babe in arms too young to reach or care,
his father only atheism his affair -
his mother - nascent slave to Mammon - please inspect -
neglecting kin whilst claiming middle class respect.
The rules of this and that hopeless, Stygian realm
would suffocate the heart & mind, & overwhelm;
but put the two together in one man's lifespan,
and it would come as no surprise, a murder plan.
The relatives he spoke of, academics are,
or have grown so, and they themselves disbar
from human kind, not one of them admits one fault,
so he is in the wrong, & this will never halt.
But now he knows for sure that one will come to judge
and lay to waste their souls, those ones who will not budge;
to please their snobbish whims he's nearly snapped his spine,
a form of suicide to follow in that line.

Section II

If it was birth then Christian appellation next,
five letters gifted him that spelt a dreadful text,
this name, an act of child abuse on new born babe,
to find the worst they must have searched an astrolabe.
But no, his father found the smear in Laurence Sterne,

and cast his son into a hellfire, there to burn,
that man admitted since his sense of humour dark -
to laugh at hurt to those that's close - he hit his mark.
But this required his mother be so callous too,
as so to poison son, it takes not one but two,
both fleeing from the sixties, ardent Communists,
not an honest moral, the couple atheists.
And so he took a swig upon the Devil's milk,
the like of which on Earth, he knows of but one ilk:
Procyclidine - a deadly drug of potent strength -
to hurt, the pharmacists will go to any length.
This psychopharmica, it forms dependency,
not just in him because he has an allergy;
beyond addiction's grasp, the free is made a thrall,
to take just once one draught, he found he lost it all.
He has heard since an apt example of this strafe;
this fell compound, it's liberated from the safe,
by mental sufferers who crave the liquid form
from hostels in the Capital perhaps a norm.
Of course this venom took its time to concentrate:
possessed of consciousness, the hour was not too late,
as when prescribed the pill they let him still proscribe,
he told them honestly he felt as if he died.
Those hours of torpid mental torture felt like days,
he felt himself upon the brink of death - no phase-
those drug induced, fettering, metal clasps of black,
each instant, imminent, impending heart attack.
This was a living nightmare, or a living hell,
made worse as he was waking- end he could not tell -
he said he'd take dread tardive dyskinesia,
and has, he has no problem with amnesia.
But then the handle Judas, cursed him past all hope,
no language to decipher how on Earth to cope,
him Christian soul, embarking in a Christian land,
undercurrents, rip tides, on shore the sinking sand.
Parent's snakebite (better death) penetrated slow,
it took a knowledge of the Testaments to know
the reason none should so be called without their will

a given name beyond the sick - it made him ill.
A child, they need some introduction unto God,
at first his peers, it did not strike quite home as odd,
as new born innocent he had no need of leaf,
his elder's circles celebrated disbelief.
Our Saviour, Son of God, he died upon the cross,
laid on his cheek, a kiss, and this no tat or dross,
betrayal is a sin with connotations deep,
beyond temptation it is possible to leap.
Supposedly his mother feared none but the LORD,
were her and he connected by placental chord,
the Son instructs that first we must repent in full,
he thinks she need consider, were it Cardinal?
Almost reaching forty, a little sense prevailed,
no help from kith or kin, he noticed that he ailed,
he took another name, Deed Poll, a small expense,
from blow it took so long, recovering some sense.

Section III

And then the Halcyon, the days of infancy,
for eighteen months no trace or plague of memory,
protected time, as it is known in Hospital,
he'd guess scant interference in that pivotal.
His inscape formed, although of course he can't recall,
and that to him, it shows the beauty of it all,
a life without recrimination, innocent,
parental duty, form a child, as they so meant.
Some blows fell later, serves to mention them in turn,
but past this time they never taught him question, learn,
his parents halted soon, they gave no stimulus,
as he emerged, in need of aid, to consciousness.
And so in part, when now he's left these times behind
he tries to source the same oblivion of mind
through Bacchanalia which wipe his recall blank,
which have been known to make him more than rather frank.
Effect, it is akin unto these early days,

responsibilities evaporate to haze,
living for the moment, and acting on a whim,
an orphan's wild adventure, none to care for him.
And in such depths, those about, they must see a child,
it seems that they at least perceive that fate has riled,
while he preserves no animosity, no hate,
whilst he can sup with them, before it is too late.
Opinion is what separates use from abuse,
and this definition can't be considered loose;
this truism is a Psychiatric watchword,
they need to sort the sheep from goats within the herd.
Although it's tacit, users too identify,
and it is not beyond their sharpenèd ken to spy
the man who is addicted to his drug of choice,
effectively, the man who's lost his will and voice.
And so when it is Social - caste, or group or class -
the sober, they observe, and witness a morass,
there's honesty within a den, were you to dwell,
the shroud holds nothing fast, Pariahs know this well.
Perhaps, when he consumes, he is a Hedonist,
and guards from rank descent into a Moralist,
he does none but himself (no others) any harm,
requiring liquid relaxation to disarm.
He needs to love his neighbour like himself (step two),
so first he needs to love himself (What can he do?):
erase the spite that they have done to him so cruèl,
the waters of forgetfulness would seem first rule.
Step one, repent, step three (of course) commandments ten,
but which of these would seem the most important then:
life, property and law - precepts of our pólice,
without the second one he finds he has no fleece.
To move from where he stands, and reach John Stuart Mill,
he needs to start from home, and make himself not ill,
for if he makes himself both sound of mind and soul
the dialect may make his parts, greater than the whole.
But all the time, his family, they patronise,
and are convinced that from his blood stained lips drop lies,
and so he wipes sere recollections from his brain,

and thinks unto himself, theirs is the callous stain.
The next morning, he wakes, after a night of sleep,
his memory returns, and open wounds so seep,
he is obliged by Jesus to forgive all wrongs,
and so returns to Lethe, and her silent songs.